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THE GRAND ARMY COLONY.

Growth and Prosperity of Fitzgerald. Ga.-Story of Its Founding.

Atlanta Letter in New York Post. A personal visit to the town of Fitzgercipally from the West, about two years ago, and they brought with them to Georgia much of that section's robust enthusiasm and progressive spirit, and the result The people who inhabit the pine barrens

of Georgia have been, as a rule, the poorhogs, all of the scrub breeds, roamed at houses were frequently ten and fifteen miles apart. In those wilds lived the squirrel-shooting, clay-eating squatter, regardless of God or man, and when the war came on thousands of deserters, or men who did not want to fight under the Jeff Davis government, lay concealed there until the trouble was over.

Only a few miles from the site of Fitzgerald is the spot where Davis was overtaken

and captured by the Federal forces. In locating the colony large tracts of pine the prospects. The face of the country preglimpses of flocks of scabby sheep and being. There is nothing born which does credible with you, that God should raise herds of half-wild cattle, while it seemed | not die. And it is within the truth to say back hog. The soil is a sort of grayish sand gish streams of water rendered wine-red by the seepings of the bamboo and bay-roots that pierce the mucky soil of the swamps. In places there are thick swamps of tyty bushes, and in others large open ponds studded with cypress trees and knotted black gums. It is the dreariest land imaginable to the traveler who has been accustomed to broad perspectives and bits of view from swelling hills, or the flash of bright waters in streams that flow through

sunny valleys. Such was the uninviting prospect that greeted the colonists on their arrival at the town site. They unpacked their things in the woods and went to work to erect habitations. Many of the residences of the town are still in the "shack" stage, made of undressed planks nailed at top and bottom to the framework and laid on upright instead of horizontally. Ventilation at least is perfect. Although the leaders of the enterprise were veterans of a war that ended thirty years prior to the settlement of Fitzgerald, they have built up, in two

years, a town of six or seven thousand in-There were many doubts and much fencecorner philosophizing among the natives as to the outcome of the colony. The crackers were dubious. They had seen lumber towns spring up along the course of the Brunswick & Western Railroad, some thirty or thirty-five miles south of Fitzgerald, and after flourishing for a few years, suddenly pass away with the sawmill that furnished the chief support. But the Westerners appeared to have come to stay, and the crackers, who are the most inveterate of all petty traders, soon affiliated with them for the purpose of trading with them, should they prove to have anything worth swapping. Sawmills, shingle-mills and other manufactories of that sort were built lirst, so as to furnish the lumber for housebuilding. Last fall the Tifton & Northern Railroad, running from Tifton to Fitzgerald, was completed. It was built and bonded by Capt. H. H. Tift, a lumber man, owning about 100,000 acres of forest in that section, who came from Connecticut originally, but has been here ever since he gave up the command of a vessel in the lumber trade some twenty years ago. The Abbeville & Wayeross Railroad, pushing southward from old Abbeville, in Wilcox county, also reached Fitzgerald, giving the town competing lines of road. The other end of the latter line is being completed from Wayeross, so that there will soon be another outlet, and a fourth line has been surveyed from Worth, a small station on the Georgia Southern & Florida, which will

be built this year. A very handsome hotel building is just being completed, and there are two banks, three newspapers, and a number of industrial enterprises under way and doing well, The town was incorporated at the last session of the Georgia Legislature, and instead of following in line with the county and with most of the towns in that section, the citizens elected to permit the sale of liquors inder a moderate license. A few weeks ago an election was held on the question of isstting bonds for electric lights and water works, and the vote showed that about five thousand people are entitled to participate in municipal affairs in Fitzgerald, Bonds to the amount of \$25,000 were voted, and an Englishman was granted the franchise for erecting and operating the water and light system for twenty years.

The ingenious settlers have started some-

what on the co-operative plan of division of labor. For instance, there is one concern that takes contracts for clearing the pine land, charging \$50 an acre and agreeing to remove all the timber, stumps and other obstacles to cultivation. The result is that many of the five-acre tracts nearest the corporate limits have been cleared, and vegetables are now growing where the pine trees and wire grass grew only a few

months ago. Even the crackers seem to light and warmth of the sun have caught the infection from their more energetic neighbors, and there is already evidence of improvement on the premise of the natives. The colonists draw pensions from the Federal government aggregating nearly \$100,000 per annum, which helps to business lively in Fitzgerald when business is at a standstill elsewhere, as the pensions are payable quarterly.

As to the ultimate fate of Fitzgerald. is a matter of the future. It looks now as if the settlers are going to build up the most up-to-date town in all that section of the State, but when the timber is cut away and the lumber and turpentine industries pass out of existence, which will be in few years at the present rate of destruction, the future will be problematical. The country around is sparsely settled with small piney-woods farmers, and unless the colonists can make a success of gardening and fruit-growing, there will be little left to support the mercantile interests of Fitzgerald when the pensioners pass away.

PURPOSE OF PAIN. Can Vicarious Suffering Be Carried Too Far!

Philadelphia Press. If it be not a mad world this is at least | men's eyes, a sad one. Some sort of anguish lies in wait for every one. At every turn some sort of pain dogs his footsteps always. Now it is pain in the head, now of the heart, now of the conscience and now of the will. Is it not the part of the wise man to go cautiously, to evade every stroke possible, to take any anaesthetic which may be at hand to obtund the sense of feel-Here is a man, however, who refused to turn a single step out of his way to escape any stroke of evil, and, moredeliberate purpose, bent his steps along that path where unnecessary evil

waited for him. bottom of all the experences of life is the fact of pain. It is so distressing and so inexorable that an instinct has been formed which believes that if any sentient being will take upon himself two portions of anguish it will have the result to set one in-dividual free from bearing his own portion, The cross is the sign of vicarious suffering. This law of vicarious suffering runs into the very lowest rank of conscious by its suffering and its death help forward the general movement of life. Millions of death it may be made possible for one of the higher order of things to live. Each generation of men crumbles into the soi out of which grows the next and better generation. Most suffering is vicarious, It is but fair to say, however, that for the most part the subject of it is unconscious of this fact. It does not know that it is suffering for another. Its pain seems meaningless and without purpose. bly it is, as far as the individual is contreasury of anguish out of which God pays | life? the price of creation.

It has been seriously questioned of late whether this principle has not been overexploited. Society as a whole puts itself to the cost of sympathizing with the poor and ignorant, the deformed, the squalid, the hopeless specimens of humanity. This cost is very great. It puts a strain upon the sympathy of emotion which is hard to endure. It costs in labor and in money untold sums. Society is just now most solicitous that none should perish. Every misbegotten brat born with enough vitality to live until the surgeon can be called nursed at the public expense into a feeble childhood and possibly into a useless manhood. Every bedridden pauper is fed with delicacies and nursed with care and treated with scientific skill, in order that the worthless days of a worthless life may be a little added to. Each individual is called upon to bear his share of the public burden. Au one who does more than his share is heid in honor. When a skillful physician sucks the poison from the throat of a diphtheritic pauper and dies for his reward the press and pulpit point to him as a hero. It has been seriously questioned whether or not this principle of action be right or wise. Isn't the physician's life worth more, both to God and to man, than the beggar's is? more intrinsically than are the few days of existence added to the average duration of

human life? I have put the question as badly and crudely as I can. I would have it faced, For it is in the presence of Christ on Calvary that this question takes its deepest meaning. Was He right or was He wrong? Was His method God's and nature's, or was it the method of a soft enthusiast and a mischievious dreamer? In His own action He exemplified His way to perfection. "I have power to lay down my life," He says, 'and I have power to take it again," What He did He did with His eyes open, knowing the cost and believing that upon the whele it paid. To this same judgment the world has in large measure come. It believes in its heart of hearts that the most wasteful act of devotion, if it be done in love, is of more value in the great movement of things than is the most costly treasure or the most costly life when these are treasured by their owners for theinselves. "He that loseth his life shall save it and he that saveth his life shall lose This week the world comes near enough to this elemental truth to get at least a passing sense of its abiding verity.

A Knowing Dog.

Cleveland Plain Dealer. "That man Thompson who lives next door to me ought to be prosecuted for keeping that bulldog of his."

What's the matter with the dog?" "He sits on the porch every moraing until Thompson comes out and gets his paING: AN EASTER MESSAGE.

sermon by the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D. D., S. T. D., Bishop of Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

HOW TO WIN VICTORY WHILE LIV-

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. - John Being put to death in the flesh, but quick-ened in the spirit.—I Peter iii, 18 (R. V.)

The truth of Easter touches a wider circle than the church, and reaches out to all the world with hope and inspira-

The great battle in which all men are engaged to-day, whether they know it or not, is the struggle between the flesh and between spiritual death and spiritual life, and the song of Easter is the pean of victory that one man has been completely

I say that the struggle is in men. The apostle finds it in nature - the corn of the wheat, hard and dead to all appearances, feels within it the movement of life, and then comes the battle between the dead and living parts-the one trying to hold the life within its deadly grip, the other striving to break from the shell into the higher life. The parable is bebuds and seeds which are this morning wrestling with their environment, and as one and another bursts from its prison comes the first fruits of them that are still sleeping in their closed graves. But, as I have said, the great battle is in the lives of

comfort and ease of living. The tendency women: we take more care in the strengthwell; first, that which is natural. If our terial life through which to move. The which is struggling through it up to the

this, I say, is the question to-day-and we higher, whether what was intended to be the basis of true life will be nothing but the prison house of death.

In other words, in our great national life spirit that would make of this country simply a great material power without great moral force and character, and the nobler spirit that would hold these material powers as servants to the higher life. The war is between the flesh in its lower forms. license, dishonesty and degraded lives, and self-restraint, honesty and purity. The elements are mixed in all our lives, but the great battle exists and is being fought out in clear lines, though often invisible to

This is a warfare in which every rightminded man is interested-will the spirit overcome the flesh? We know that if does look forward with some forebodings-until the heavenly powers, the material struggled death seemed to have had the subject in their grip, but though put to death in the flesh he was quickened or made alive in

"Why should it be thought a thing intheir feeble way are bringing life out of ing spiritual forces out of the material, are purity, honesty where there was once brib-Jesus that transcendent body of Jesuscerned. But it is a contribution to the the first fruits of the perfectly spiritual

Do not look upon the resurrection as simply a physical change. It is that, but far more than that; in it is involved a moral and spiritual resurrection as real as the physical. The apostle strikes that note in his letter to the Colossians, and the church takes it up in the epistle for to-day: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above," "mortify your members which are upon the earth." It is such a pire. real and vital resurrection that interests every right-minded man. It is with this note that Easter speaks to all men.

Now, however, we come upon a second thought, a condition of the first, that in the struggle and the victory it is not all gain and no loss, but that there must be losses but quickened in the spirit." The lower is | machine that gives it a curve or sweep the living corn shoots up into the light: the material body is left in order that the Isn't the ease and comfort of society worth | spiritual body may be gained. Is it not so always? In every noble deed and life be ready to lose limb, and even life. Aye, so true is this that the words of the Savior | goes to the "straightener," who trues it are literally true, that he who would find ready to lose his life for his sake shall tons, ready for the market, under a long, The man or woman, therefore, who hopes

lower ones that are about us, who wishes to put purity and love and sacrifice into those phases of our social life where impurity and selfishness reign, must be ready to sacrifice some of the things of life. It at the same time live in the joys and satisfactions of the man of the nobler spirit; other. The philanthropist may have to cut down his income or draw upon his physical strength; in these he has lost, but in spiritual strength and heavenly treasure he others, cuts herself off from many things in order that she may embrace the higher tain-your smaller sleeves.

things. The missionary in Africa loses his life and gains it.

May we not take this principle of compensation in spiritual life into more personal relations? For instance, into the

There are those of us to whom Easter comes with sad memories crossed with the light of heavenly hope. One of the home circle has fallen asleep, and the loss of the voice and presence and all that went with gains? Can it be that the little community of home life will allow it to pass as only a loss? Or may it not be that from that lying member the whole spiritual energies of the household will be aroused, the hope of immortality become stronger, heaven nearer and more real, the faith in a heavenly Father firmer, the sympathy with others keener, and patience and peace and heavenly joy take the place of impatience

and murmuring? One would not belittle the loss; its very keenness is the stimulus of the spirit. Earthly things are now seen their true perspective, insignificant as compared with the heavenly things, the joys and meetings and communions of that other life of which this life has given us but the foretaste. So that mingled with our sorrow is the joy that, loosed from the mortal body, the loved one is free for a wider and larger work where the spiritual eye sees not darkly but face to face.

On Easter day, therefore, the beatitude receives the seal of its truth: Blessed, happy, are they that mourn, for in the spiritual growth which comes with the loss they shall be strengthened and comforted. more personal relations. "Put to death in the fiesh, but quickened in the spirit." The body of Jesus, which in all the beauty of perfect humanity, had once glorified the hills and fields of Palestine-a body which must have been vigorous and full of all the elements that go to make up the healthy life-was worn first with work, then with sorrow, then with anguish in Gethsemane, of life taking possession of the man; so that when the crisis had passed and death and the grave had been conquered, the spirit took up the body-in some sort physical, in some spiritual-and transfigured it with heavenly life. And then, finally perfected in spiritual life. Jesus, the same Jesus who lived and suffered and died, now transformed, ascended to the Father.

"Now is the Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." In Him is the perfect fulfillment of all those lives that trust in Him.

Without the truth of Easter what sad, unmeaning, hopeless lives would ours bemortality would be nothing but a guess. But with the truth of Easter how every thought and word and deed is but the anticipation of higher service, the development of the spirit which, in the dissolving of the earthly tabernacle, is clothed upon, that death may be swallowed up in life. And we praise and magnify God's name through Jesus Christ for the truth of Eas-

HOW STEEL RAILS ARE MADE. Run Through Twenty-Two Rolls Before Ready for the Roadbed.

Modern Machinery, Chicago. The steel ingots after leaving the Bessemer works where they are cast in molds are hurried to the soaking pit and reheated to a white heat that will last them until they have passed twenty-two times

For its last tortuous journey the ingo

comes down from the soaking pit in a cage

through the rolls.

of iron like some wild animal to be tamed. The man who is to teach it to run over the bars and to take the discipline of the rolls stands behind a screen and pulls a lever like the butt of a whip. The great block of steel four feet long and eighteen inches square at one end, tapering slightly at the other, leaps at the pull of the lever, runs down the live rollers and shoots toward the rolls. The biggest aperture catches it and pulls it through. A piece of crude rubber in going through moans and whines like some low order of animal in the hands of a feroclous and powerful enemy it cannot resist, but the protest of the steel bar is no-It sends out its fangs and scales that tear of and fall in a torrent of fire. It is well the leverman is behind a screen. Nine times it goes back and forth, its protests growing fainter each time. The scale that came off during the first rolling has been eliminated to a great degree, and the bar glows a clear red, with rough ends that rear up hoary fronts of defiance. It is twenty feet long when it has passed through the last blooming roll. A pair of claws catch it deftly, a few spasmodic motions of a lever and zip, zip, snip like the noise of shears on tin, the bar is squared, and the end a foot long containing a little slag is dropped into a hopper. The other end is squared in the same way.

The bloom is clear as bell metal as it runs down to the rolls that are to reduce it still further. Not a spot of slag mars true. A shower of crimson sparks flies off as it goes through the roughing rolls, not angry and explosive as at first. A groove appears in either side as the bloom begins to take on the rough outline of the finished rail. Five times through these rolls and then a series of arms lifts it up and lays the long red bar over gently on another moving table. Three times through another set of rolls and now bending, twisting, writhing in all its length it goes through the "dummy" that compresses it to the proper height and levels the top and bottom. Four times through the finishing rolls it goes and the rail, now nearly a hundred feet in length, runs back and forth through a long alley looking like a thing

So rapid is its motion that every particle seems to change place with every other particle like rapidly flowing water. One last protest it makes as the saw divides the bar at right angles to its length, into three rails. Never was there such a shower of stars since Jupiter introduced himself into the chamber of Danae with a rain of gold, Millions of scarlet sparks fly off from the bar with fairy-like snappings as they ex-A cloud of stars, of Liliputian shots, cloud of stars, a fusil-

bar is concealed by its nebulae, and then sudden silence and darkness. You must hurry now to see the rail come out on to a sort of St. Lawrence's gridiron-a table seventy-five feet wide and a hundred long formed of steel bars a few inches apart. The rails are run out on this to cool, first passing under a die that stamps a number on the side, and through the cambering one way; since in cooling it contracts and bends the other way. Every rail that is sent out into the world has a distinct individuality-a number-and in case its character ever comes into question the company is able to trace its manufacture through all the processes. Ten years from untimely end, its number that is entered in a book to-day will tell its history from the time it was a lump of pig iron. From the "hotbed" where it cools off the rail rails lie finished perfectly uniform, and in immense piles aggregating thousands of iron-roofed shed. The first Bessemer steel rail ever made in this country was rolled in the North Chicago rolling mill, now one of the plants of the Illinois Steel Com-pany, on May 24, 1865.

The Difference.

New York Evening Sun. The stranger within our gates announced the other day that she had at last discovis an impossibility to enjoy all the pleasures | ered the real difference between New York and comforts of the man of the world, and | and the small cities. "No, it is not the elevated railroad, nor the crowds, nor the being ahead of the season," she said. "It's the sleeves. At home most of the women | ready to obey the call. Prominent among something of one must be sacrificed for the have small sleeves upon their best gowns alone; their everyday frocks are still bigsleeved. But in New York all the women have small sleeves upon all their gowns. You don't see one pair of big sleeves among a hundred. Really, unless you have just come from a place where things are | by the attack on Sumter. Rawlins' ringing has gained. The Sister of Charity, whether the other way, you can't realize what a with vows and peculiar dress, or without | difference there is. As I say, it's the most vows and moving in the common life of striking distinction about the metropolis. No. your Greater New York may still be an uncertainty, but I tell you what is cer-

GRANT'S LIFE AT GALENA

SOME INCIDENTS OF HIS RESIDENCE IN THE ILLINOIS TOWN.

Cherished Traditions Shattered-There Was Never a Tannery in Ga-

lena-Grant's Only Boast.

Galena Letter, in St. Louis Globe-Demo-

Preparations are now in progress for the annual celebration of the anniversary of the birth of the most illustrious of Galena's citizens, General Ulysses S. Grant, While the people of northwestern Illinois and of the adjoining territory in the States of Iowa and Wisconsin unite at Galena in honoring the day, hundreds of miles away, at the metropolis of the Nation, will be laid away in their final earthly resting piace, amidst pomp and magnificence, such as have characterized no other entombment in this land, the mortal remains of the man who, thirty-six years ago, walked the streets of this little city unknown to

his fellowmen, unknown even to himself.

Early in the twentles Frederick Dent, of St. Louis, erected and occupied the first store built in Galena. Mr. Dent was at that time the largest trader with the towns on the Mississippi north of St. Louis. It was more than twenty years later that his daughter, Julia Dent, was married in St. Louis to Ulysses S. Grant, a friend and classmate of her brother at West Point. In 1859, having resigned his commission in the United States army, after serving in the Mexican war and on the Western fron-Louis with ill success, Captain Grant, with his wife and four little children, removed to Galena, where Jesse Grant, father of Ulysses, owned an interest in a leather firm was located in Ohio, where the elder Grant lived, coming to Galena for a few Simpson (known as Simpson) and Orville. Simpson was the business man of the concern, but his rapidly failing health made it

necessary to procure someone in his place, Although Ulysses could not fill his place his father gave him the opportunity to at least make for himself and family a respectable living by offering him a position in the store as a useful man to await upon others more competent to attend to business matters. In making him the offer his father at the same time reminded him that thus far his life had been a failure, and it Gaptain Grant was not only willing to accept the humble position at a salary of less than \$40 a month, but was thankful for it. Almost every day he could be seen, with his old army overcoat on, assisting in loading and unloading hides at the rear door of the store. The impression prevails, and is stubbornly believed throughout the country, notwithstanding statements to the contrary from reliable authorities, that General ing in Galena. In the first place, no such industry as a tannery ever existed in the vicinity of Galena. The historic workbench, from which scores of souvenirs have been made and are doubtless carefully treasured by a courier in the employ of Grant & Collins. In busy times Orville Grant assisted at the bench, but Ulysses never. In fact, even the romance of the workbench souvenirs receives a blow when the fact is known that the boards were worn out years ago, after having served as a portion of a sidewalk in front of a carpenter's

dwelling in Galena. There was one branch of the business in which Ulysses excelled. During the winter months the Grants bought dressed hogs from the farmers and shipped them East, often in exchange for hides. Ulysses was a good judge of pork, and one season was sent into southwestern Wisconsin and over to Bellevue, Ia., to purchase dressed hogs to ship from Galena. This was the only occasion when he was engaged in any em-

ployment to which was attached any re-HIS ONLY BOAST.

Captain Grant had but little to do with his fellow-townsmen. He never forced himself upon any one, but if he happened to be one of a few enjoying a smoke while sitting in front of a store on barrels or dry goods boxes he could entertain as could none of the others with most interesting tales of his past army experience. However, he did very little "loafing." At the close of his day's work he was ready to go home to his family, in the humble dwelling on the West Side hill. O. R. Upson, a jeweler of this city, was one with whom Captain Grant occasionally enjoyed a quiet game of cards. Mr. Upson says that there was but one circumstance in Grant's life of which he ever That was that he had several

cards with a man who afterwards became President of the United States." Mrs. Grant was always a most devoted wife. While living in Galena she was obliged to practice the most rigid economy in order to make both ends meet. Still, her never lost confidence in the ability of her husband and seemed inspired in the belief that he would astonish his friends in a manner yet to be revealed. On April 25, 1861, when the first company of Jo Daviess County Volunteers left Galena for Springfield, they were escorted to the Illinois Central depot by the civic societies and citizens en masse. Mrs. Grant, in company with a few friends, reviewed the procession from an upper window of the store of Grant & Sons. Their conversation was, of course, on the universal topic of the hour. Turning to a friend at her side, Mrs. Grant remarked: "If they will only give 'Ulyss' a

chance he will make something of himself.

Captain Grant was at the time at Spring-

field drilling soldiers under a commission

times during the Mexican war "played

from Governor Yates. At the outbreak of the rebellion a mass meeting was called at the courthouse for the purpose of organizing a military company. The town had been thoroughly canvassed by a committee, who thought it advisable to find, if possible, some one with a military record to preside on this important occasion. Captain Grant was found to be the only man in Galena possessed of that qualification. The meeting convened, and deceased), Capt. U. S. Grant was called to preside, and the attention of the public was for the first time directed to General Grant, when "there stepped from the crowd a man of medium size, clad in an old-fashioned military overcoat, and as he approached to the front, he who later fixed upon himself the attention of the whole world then for the first time made himself known even by sight to more than half of his fellow-citizens then present. Assuming the duties of the chair, he stated in a few distinct words the object of the meeting, impressing upon the minds of his hearers what army life implied, and the hardships and privations it necessarily involved.

THE FIRST WAR MEETINGS. These first war meetings were remarkable gatherings, and the impression made upon those in attendance will never be effaced. Fort Sumter had been fired upon by rebels and drills the holes for the fish plates. The in arms, and the "glorious uprising of American loyalty" was nowhere more manifest than in this little city of hills destined to furnish so many illustrious names to the list of military leaders. With the rest of the North, the citizens of Galena turned out en masse to those meetings, each at the outset wondering in what attitude his neighbor stood in relation to the great question concerning the union. Heretofore no one had declared his sentiments to his nearest friend, and no little surprise was occasioned when, one after another, men who from the fact of their being Democrats were supposed to be in sympathy with the South, rose and declared themselves those who so surprised his friends was John A. Rawlins, then a rising young lawyer of Galena. A former friend of Grant and Rawlins says: "The warm friendship that existed between Generals Grant and Rawiins dates from that hour, when, roused speech made the walls of yonder old courthouse re-echo, thrilled the hearts of all who istened as men's hearts have rarely been thrilled, and voiced not only his noble sentiments, but the thoughts and feelings of the silent man who sat before him. From